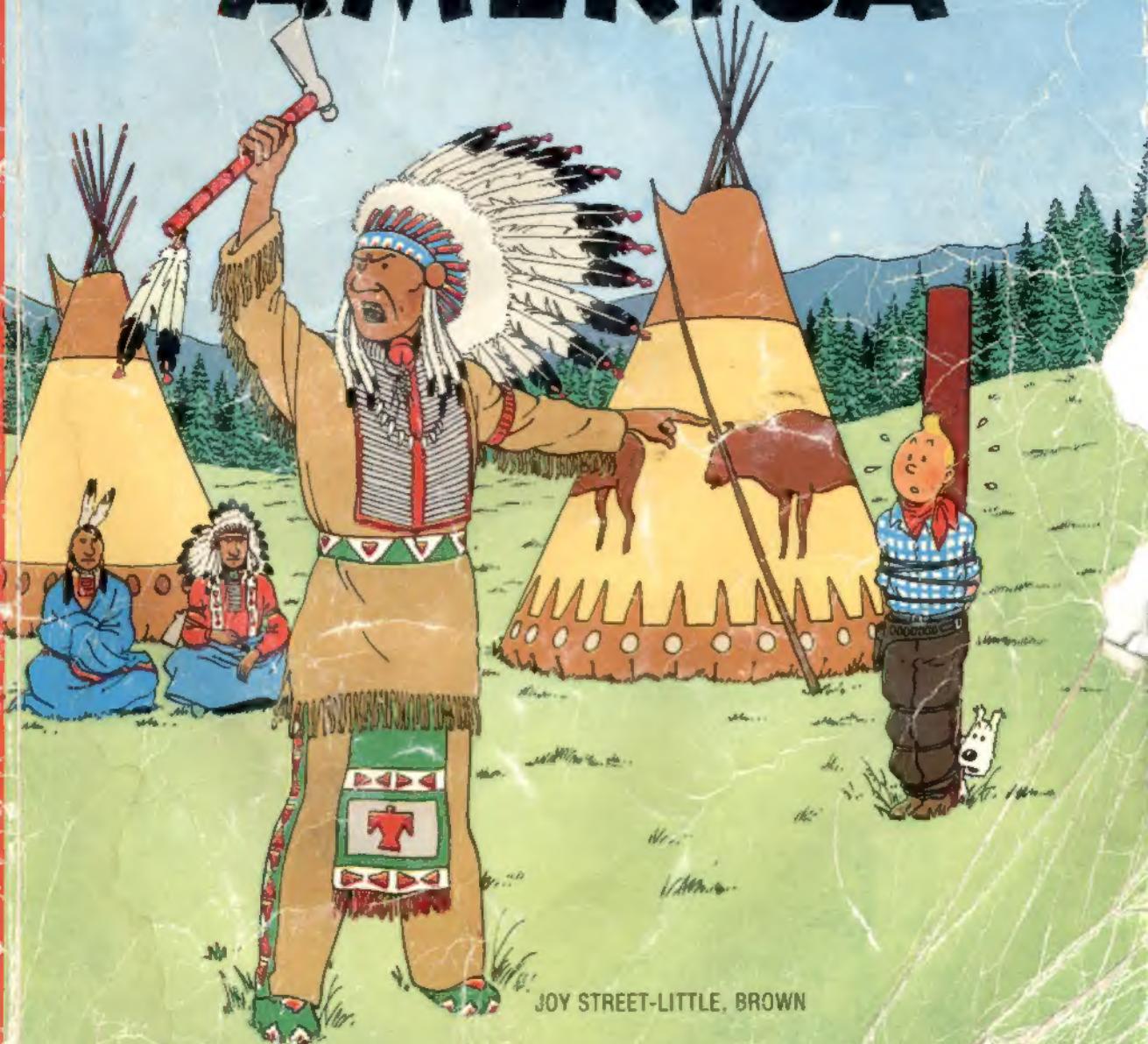


- HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

# TINTIN IN AMERICA



JOY STREET-LITTLE, BROWN

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

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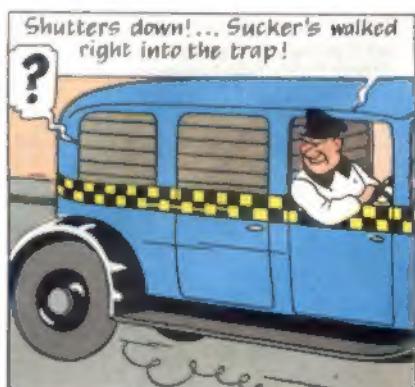
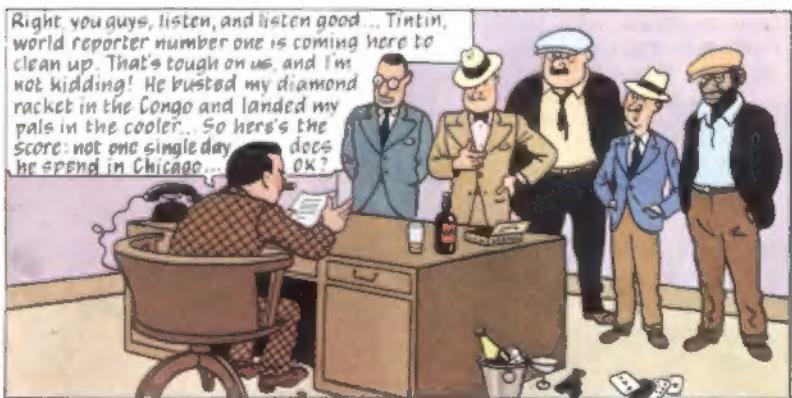
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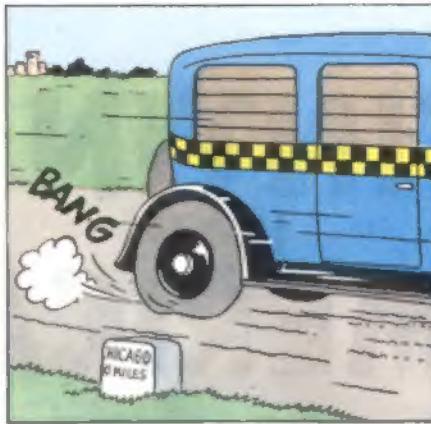
# TINTIN IN AMERICA



Hey, what's the game?... We're locked in!... And these shutters are made of steel!

We're stymied then. Even I can't chew through those!

A blow-out! That's all I need!



Come on, come on!... I gotta hurry up...

All fixed... I'll still make it in time ...



Have a good trip! Lucky I packed the right kit... He'll go through the roof when he finds I cut my way out!

Trust me to be in the land of the automobile and have to slog ten miles on foot!...

We're in luck! Here comes a police patrol ...

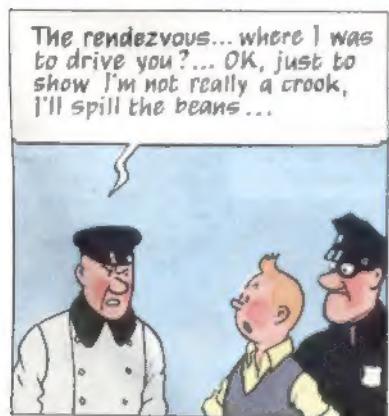
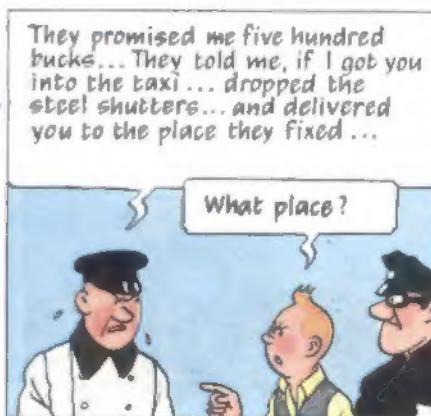
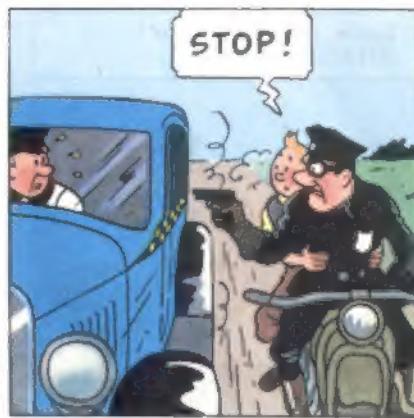


Quick, can you catch that car you just passed, and arrest the driver? He tried to kidnap me!

Just keep still, Snowy, and don't be frightened...

This way we'll soon overtake that gangster!





Quick, all into the car!  
After him!



Here, take my gun ...



We're approaching the city...  
Don't lose sight of him...



If Butch isn't on the lookout  
with his car, I'm a dead duck!



OK, let her go!



Saved!



A cab driven by the cops...  
hit side on by another car...



BING DING DING

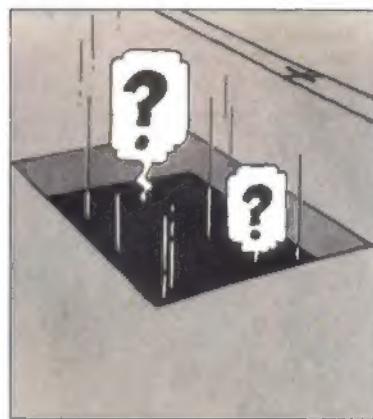


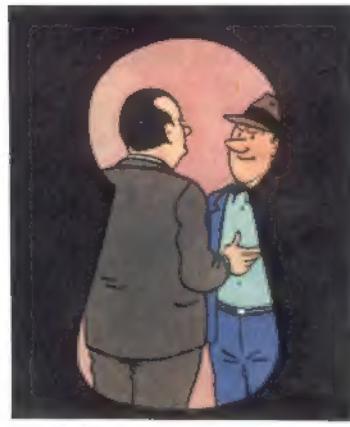
Gee! The poor kid ...

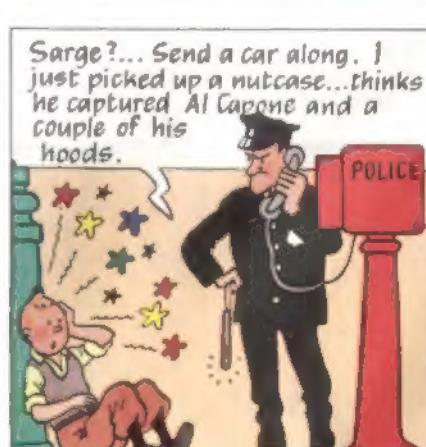
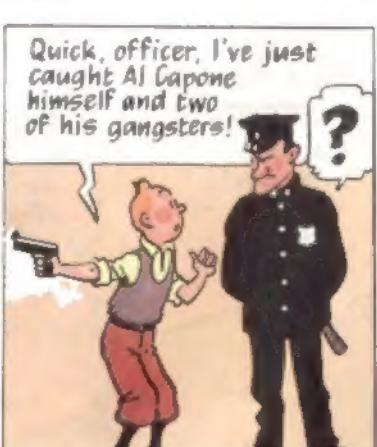
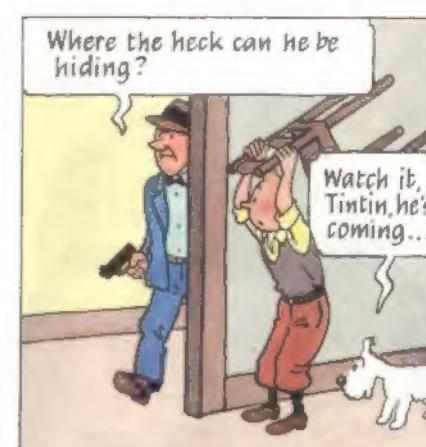


DING DING DING









What happened to the paddy-wagon?  
It should be here by now...



Hey, officer, what's this all about?  
I tell you, I've captured Al Capone  
and...



Now how can I find Snowy?  
How can I get back to the house  
where I left him?



Great snakes... that's him.  
that's Snowy!



How did you get here?

Phew! I'm  
dying of thirst!  
Give a dog a  
drink first,  
then we'll  
sort out  
what  
happened



...So along comes this chap and unties the others. I tried to stop him... But even Snowy the Champ knows when he's beaten at four to one, so I hopped it. I picked up the Tintin trail, and here we are!

You're a brave fellow, Snowy... and clever!

The hotel at last... We should have been here days ago.



Ah, there you are Mr Tintin ... We feared we weren't going to see you. But we kept your reservation .

Thank you, I'd have been here sooner, but I was delayed.

Aha! He's arrived. I must tell the boss right away!

You're on the thirty-seventh floor, sir

Good

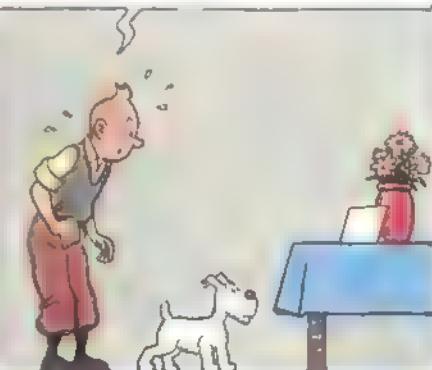


This is your room, Mr Tintin

Thanks



Hello?... A letter for me?



Tintin:  
I'm warning you one last time. There's a train to New York in the morning at 11.55. Be on it. Then take a boat to Europe. Quit Chicago by noon tomorrow, or your life won't be worth a pug nickel ...

That, Mr Al Capone, is what I think of your threats.



Next day, at 11.55 am ...



Hello?... Hello?...  
Hello?... Hello?...

Someone wanting us?

Hello ... Hello?? ...

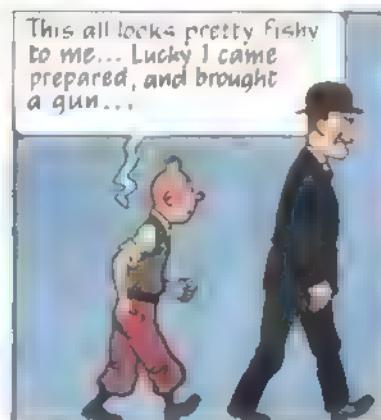
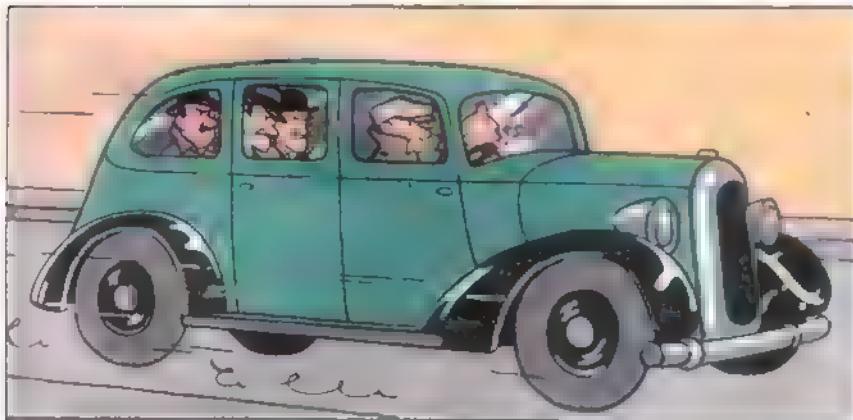
So far so good!... He was so busy with the 'phone he didn't hear me coming in.



That's odd... they hung up. A wrong number, maybe... Yet someone was whispering at the other end.







My dear Mr Tintin this is a pleasure!  
I'm glad to meet you. Do please  
sit down .. Have a cigar? No?  
Then I'll come straight to the  
point



I'm Bobby Smiles boss of the  
rival gangs fighting Al Capone  
and his mob. I'm hiring you  
at \$2000 a month to help me  
bring him down. If you rub  
Capone out yourself, there's a  
bonus of twenty grand... Agreed?..  
Here's your contract. Sign there.



Get your hands up, you crook! ..  
And I'll take care of that paper.  
Just remember, I came to  
Chicago to clean the place up,  
not to become a gangster's  
Stooge!



So I'll make a start by arresting  
you!

Oh? ... Is that so?



Marvellous little gadget, just  
under my foot!



I've been tricked .. and  
now I'm trapped.  
Ugh! Smoke! What  
a peculiar smell...  
It's like...



Help! It's gas! ..  
They mean to kill me  
.. Quick my  
handkerchief!



Useless! I'm  
done for! ... I'm  
choking...  
My lungs... they're  
burning...



There he is, Nick! .. O X2Z gas  
sure does knock 'em out!



To the waterfront, fast. Lake  
Michigan for him!



No one here. All clear. Nick,  
bring him along!



Give him a swing! One . two..

Three!

That's taken care of him.  
Let's go!



Lay down your guns !



Move one muscle, and I'll blow your brains out !



Thanks!.. Much obliged, since I hadn't a gun of my own...



How about that Snowy? Wasn't I right to keep away from the windows? Those dummies I used are peppered with holes... custom-made colanders!

Dead right!... It strikes me... Wouldn't it be a good idea... if those dummies did the whole job, instead of us?

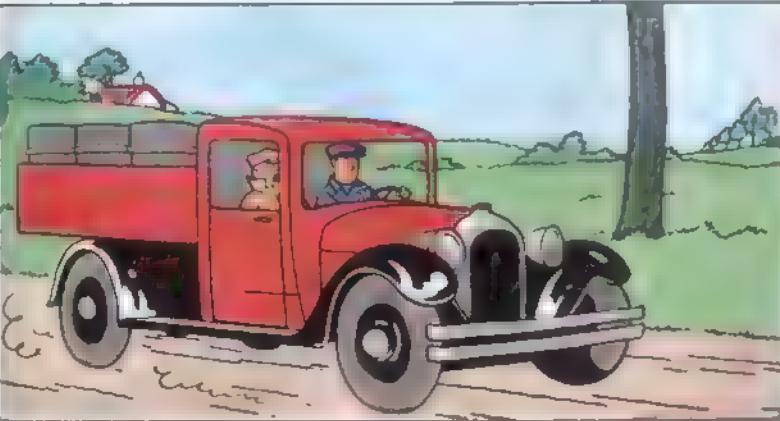
Now they think they've disposed of me, I'm going to arrange a little surprise for our gangster pals...

Using dummies again... I hope!

Next morning...

Listen, Bobby. I just heard the Coconut mob are doing a job this afternoon, running a load of whisky, hidden in gasoline drums. How's about it?

Simple!... We grab it!



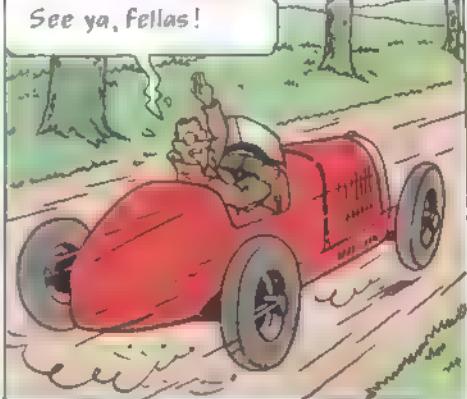
You did a fine job, Mr Tintin  
... a fine job!  
Thanks to you, we've  
landed a really big Fish!



Hey! What's that?



See ya, fellas!



Suffering catfish! Getting  
away under my very nose!  
And Bobby Smiles too, the  
big boss!



A few days later ...

These two telegrams are about  
Bobby Smiles. They say he's  
been seen in Redskin City, a  
small place near the Indian  
Reservations. Come on Snowy;  
it's Redskin City for us!



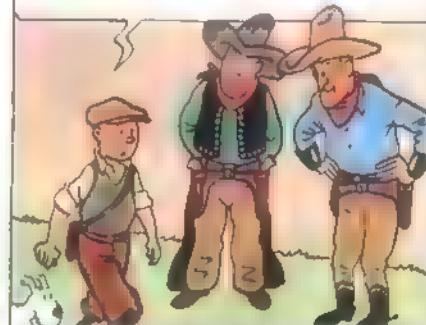
Two whole days on the train!...  
Oh well, we're here at last, and  
that's what matters!



Just look, Snowy...  
A real Red Indian



I have a feeling we look a bit out  
of place here, Snowy ...



You wait there, I'm going  
to buy an outfit



It's the very latest fashion... cartridge  
belt slung to the right... Last winter's  
models, all to the left...



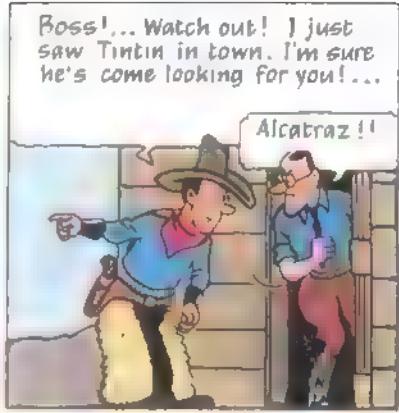
The boss won't like this one little bit!



Boss! ...  
Boss! ...



Boss! ... Watch out! I just saw Tintin in town. I'm sure he's come looking for you! ...

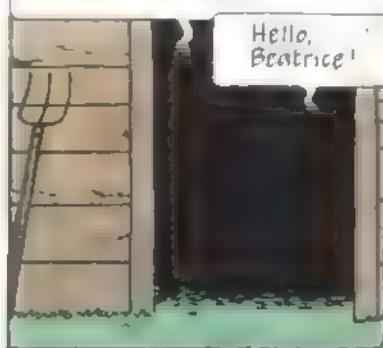


Meanwhile...

Yeah! I guess I have jes' the animal for you ...



There, she's a nice quiet gal  
Name of Beatrice



That suit you OK?

Yes, thanks. It doesn't seem quite so... fresh!

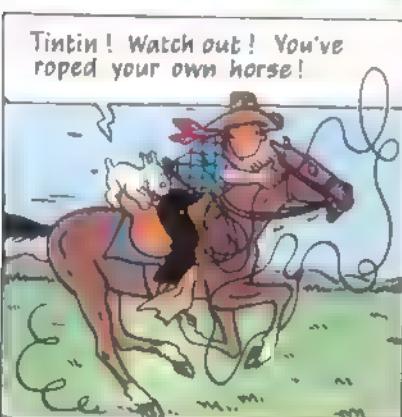
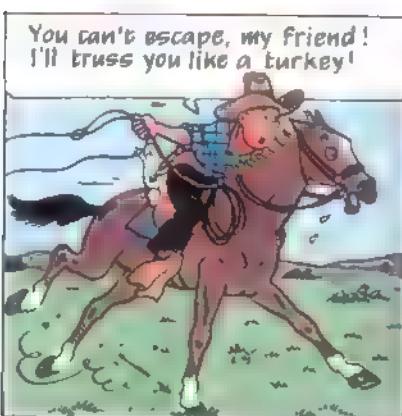


Right, Snowy! Lead me to the gangster hideout!



Er... A very fine beast... but I... don't really fancy... the colour... I'd prefer a chestnut... or a bay... And...er... while we're about it, have you an even quieter one?

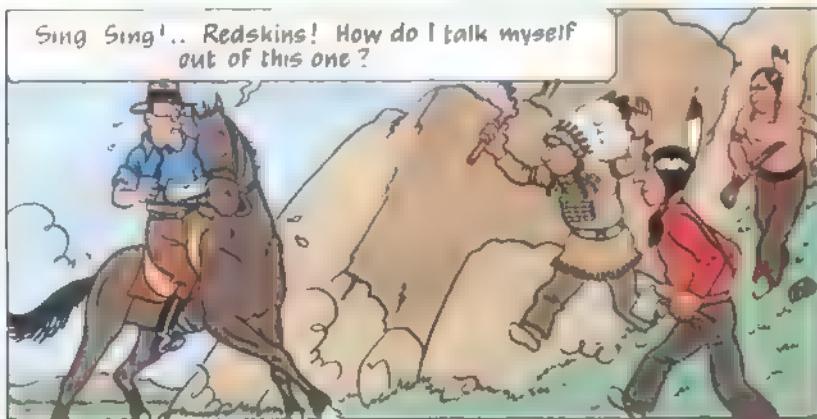




Ha! ha! ha! That'll teach you to play cowboys! By the time he's managed to untangle himself I'll be far away!



Sing Sing!.. Redskins! How do I talk myself out of this one?



How! Mighty Sachem, I come in peace!

How, Paleface! What brings white man to hunting grounds of Blackfeet?



Mighty Sachem, I come to warn you. A young white warrior is riding this way. His heart is full of hate and his tongue is forked! Beware of him, for he seeks to steal the hunting grounds of the noble Blackfeet. I have spoken! ...

Hear me brave Blackfeet! A young Paleface approaches. He seeks, by trickery, to steal our hunting grounds!... May Great Manitou fill our hearts with hate and strengthen our arms!... Let us raise the tomahawk against this miserable Paleface with the heart of a prairie dog!



As for Paleface-with-eyes-of-the-Moon, he has warned us of danger that hangs over our heads, and will soon come upon Blackfeet. May Great Manitou heap blessings upon him!



Now let us raise the tomahawk

...  
Big Chief him say well...



Fire of peace! I can't remember where in the world we buried the hatchet when we finished our last bit of fighting...



We've lost valuable time unravelling ourselves. It'll soon be dark now, better pitch night and trail again in Snowy, so we'd camp for the pick up the morning.



We'll stop here ...



Tomorrow morning we'll set off at sunrise ... I'm determined that crook won't escape us again...



Just my luck! ... Tintin will be here in the morning, and I'll have to skedaddle ... They're going to find that tomahawk if it's the last thing they do!



Wahey, wahey, Snowy!  
On the road again!



Well Chief?

Alas, Blackfeet still cannot find their tomahawk ... It is lost!



What then?

What then? ... It is quite simple: Blackfeet certainly cannot make war on Paleface. No tomahawk, no war!



Alcatraz and Sing Sing! ... Dumb redskins won't fight... I've gotta get out of here!



The tomahawk!



Our tomahawk is found!  
Great Manitou wants war!

I sure hit the jackpot!



Great Manitou! Great Manitou!  
Give victory to your warriors!



Away! To the horses! Death to the Paleface!





Hello, here come the Indians... I tell you Snowy, if I didn't know the redskins are peaceful nowadays, I'd be feeling a lot less sure of myself!

What's all this? ... It's an odd sort of way to welcome a stranger!



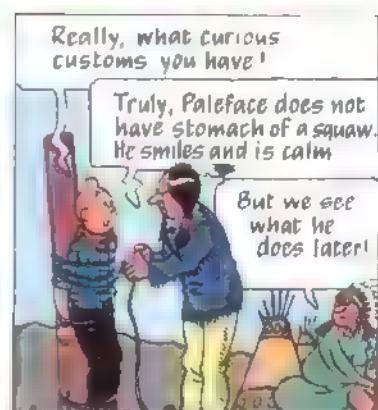
Whew! They've gone! Savages! Frightened me out of my wits!

Snowy, that was disgraceful! You abandoned Tintin.

Really, what curious customs you have!

Truly, Paleface does not have stomach of a squaw. He smiles and is calm.

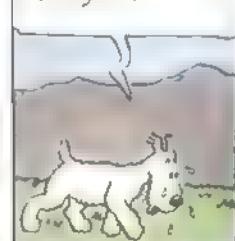
But we see what he does later!

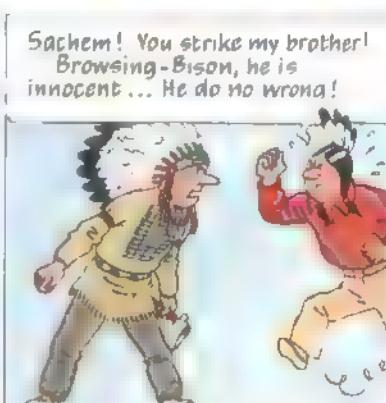
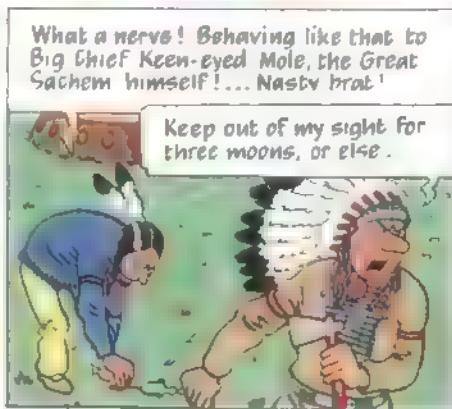
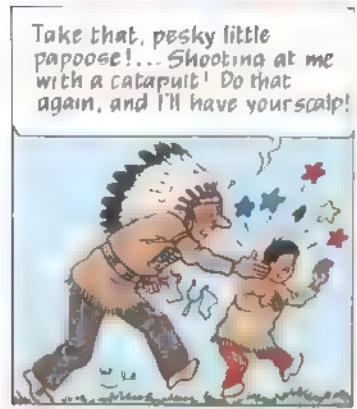
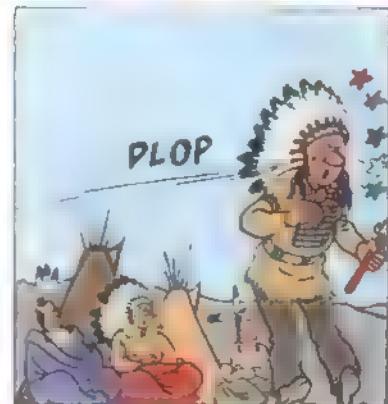


Face it Snowy... You've got a yellow streak. For all you know, Tintin's in danger..

Hear, O Paleface, the words of Great Sachem... You have come among Blackfoot people with heart full of trickery and hate, like a sneaking dog. But now you are tied to torture stake. You shall pay Blackfeet for your treachery by suffering long. I have spoken!

Now, let my young braves practise their skills upon this Paleface with his soul of a coyote! Make him suffer long before you send him to land of his forefathers!







Browsing-Bison's brother, he dare to strike Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole!... Death, I say! Death to Bull's-Eye, Browning-Bison's brother!

Death to cowardly dogs who dare to attack Bull's-Eye because he defend his brother, Browning-Bison unjustly beaten by Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole!



Splendid! Splendid! Let them fight Meanwhile, let me set these ropes untied...



There! That's freed my hands Now for my feet. Good.. Move!



Now, who turned the Blackfeet against me? I must find that out. What about the gangster I'm chasing? Was it him?



They've stopped yelling and shouting, so the torture must be over I'll go and see..



I can hear shooting... I hope nothing's happened to Tintin!

No, it isn't the Indians! It's Bobby Smiles!... I might have known it! Now I understand why the Indians were so hostile towards me..



Alcatraz!... What a drop!... The canyon goes down hundreds of feet... I can scarcely see the bottom...



Quick! Quick! I must save Tintin!



That'll teach you, smartalec! Meddling little busybody... I've got you out of my hair for good.

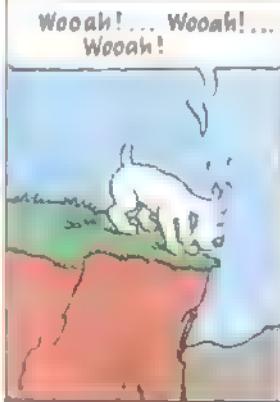
What's he looking at?... Surely it can't be... Tintin's fallen over that precipice?...



And now, back to Chicago.



Wooah!... Wooah!... Wooah!

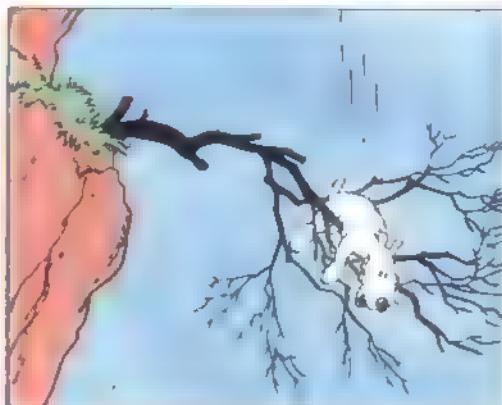


It's that dratted dog of Tintin's!... OK, he can follow his owner!



BANG

Wooah!...



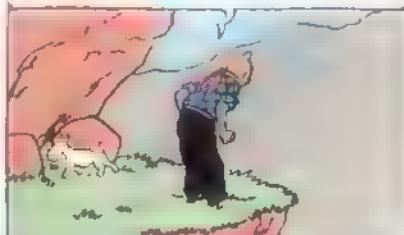
Hello, Snowy! We both seem to have come by the same route!



I fell into space, like you. It was fantastic: there was this bush, and I fell right into it. It bent and dropped me on this ledge. So here I am, safe and sound instead of smashed to bits in the canyon.



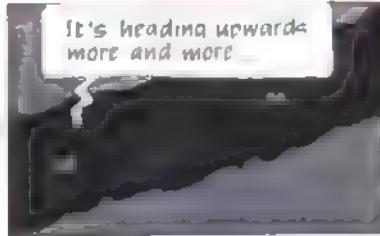
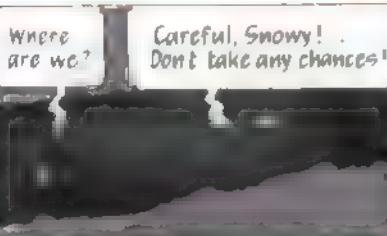
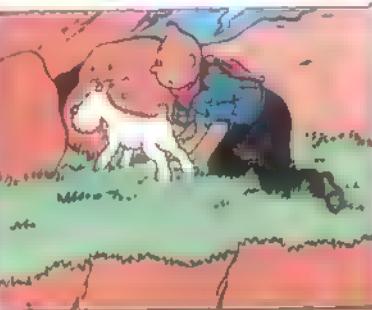
Still, we're only safe for the time being... I can't see any possible way of escape from here...



What are you sniffing at there Snowy? ... Have you found something?

Good gracious! Amazing!... It looks like some sort of cave... Why don't we see if it leads anywhere

Here goes!



Still going upwards!... Where can this tunnel be leading?

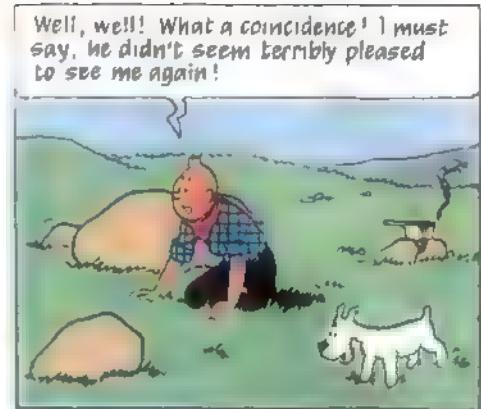


I've got shot of that no-good reporter at last! Now, before I hit the trail again, I'll have some food ... Too bad you're missing this, Tintin!



Hey, what goes on around here? Must be an earthquake! The ground's shaking under me ...





How very thoughtful of him to cook me a nice little meal. I really am extremely grateful for his generosity... To tell the truth, I'm absolutely starving...



Sachem!... Sachem!... I've seen a ghost! The ghost of the young Paleface!... He was dead, I swear it! I hit him with a bullet and he fell into the canyon... Now he's just risen out of the ground!



What did you say?... Out of the ground?... He must have discovered secret of our cave! Take us there, O Paleface. We must finish this young coyote!



It's about two miles...



Little worm... he escape us!



Come! Let my young braves follow their Chief!



Get on with it! Faster! Faster!... Good grief, anyone'd think you were scared to follow your boss!



Over ten minutes since they went down. I wonder what's happening.



At last! There you are! ... Well?

Great Wacondah has sent victory to his braves! Little Paleface is vanquished



Our great Sachem did the deed. He brings his victim...



Fine! Fine! ...

Yet again Big Chief Keen-eyed-Mole, he is worthy of his name. After heap big battle in darkness, with help of Great Wacondah, I, Sachem of Blackfeet, conquer the Paleface. Let my young warriors drag him from hole!



See!... Pestilential prairie-dog! He trouble us no more



By Great Manitou! It is not the young Paleface!



Wriggling rattlesnakes! I made mistake! It is Lame Duck!

I have idea... Let us leave Little Paleface there, to starve to death in his burrow!



Do what you like, but get rid of him! This has gone on too long!

This end, heap big rock... other end, sheer drop! What can Paleface do? No way out but death...



Don't be afraid, Snowy. We aren't going to moulder away down here. They think we're trapped, but we're getting out. Look, I've emptied my cartridges and collected the powder. There! Now we'll blast their rocks to blazes!



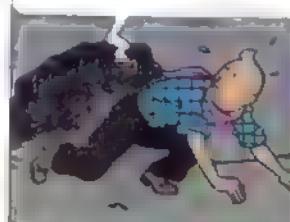
You think it'll work?

You wait here, Snowy. I'm going to lay my charge.



Take care you don't blow us up as well!

Done it!... Now... there'll be a tremendous explosion... and that rock will pop like a champagne cork... Any minute now, we'll be free!...

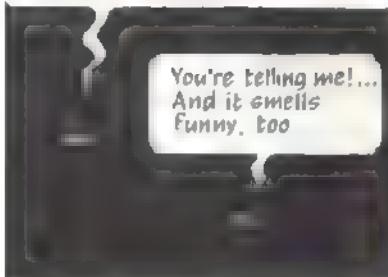




Come on, Snowy, this won't do. We absolutely must get out of here.. To work then! Let's try to dig another exit...



That's it... Slowly but surely, we're making progress... We'll get there, Snowy, you'll see. Come on, another little effort... Hello, the soil feels damp...



Great snakes!... OIL!...  
A liquid fortune, and no  
one to harness it!

Golly! And  
there's me,  
thinking that  
oil came out  
of a can!

OK, son! Here's the contract. Sign there!  
Five thousand dollars for your oil well...

H-h-how did you know there was  
an oil well here?... It's less  
than ten minutes since it blew...

Von't listen to that crook!... Sign  
here! Ten thousand dollars for  
your oil well!...



Hey buddy! Don't you sign?  
I'm offering twenty-five grand!

Fifty Gs!!

A hundred!!!

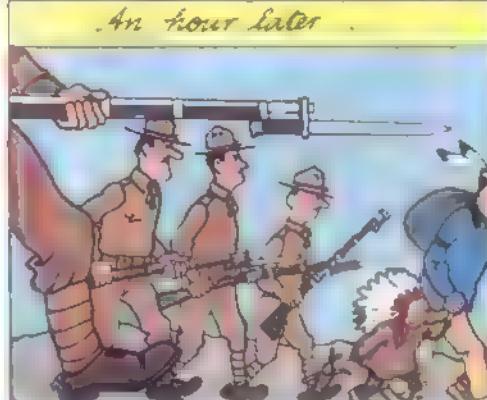


I'm terribly sorry, gentlemen, but  
that oil well isn't mine to sell. It  
belongs to the Blackfoot Indians  
who live in this part of the  
country ...



Here, Hiawatha! Twenty-  
five dollars, and half an  
hour to pack your bags  
and quit the territory!

Has Paleface  
gone mad?



Two hours later . . .



Three hours later . . .



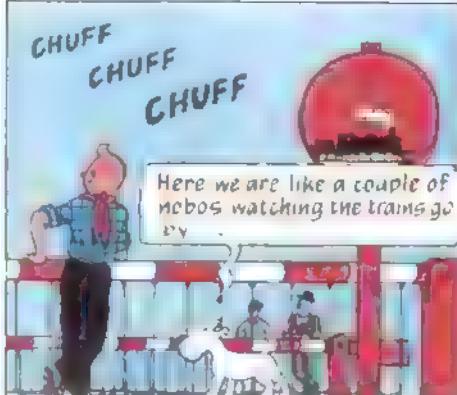
The next morning

What's all  
the fuss?

Hey, you! Don't you know fancy dress is forbidden  
in town?.. And keep out of the way of the  
traffic! Where d'you think you are, anyway?..  
The Wild West or something?



Out of luck again! With all that ballyhoo, Bobby Smiles managed to give us the slip... How can I possibly find him again now?



Station-master! Station-master!  
What time does the next train leave?

Next train, huh?...  
Tomorrow...  
Same time...



Beaten! He's defeated me again!  
Unless ...



Hey! .. Look!  
Over there!

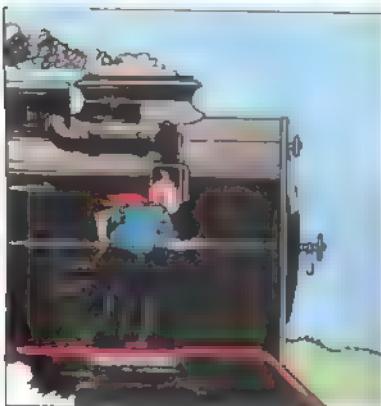
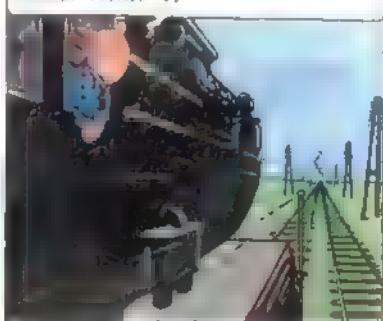


So long, folks!  
We'll send you a nice postcard!

Terribly sorry! .. I'm only borrowing it! ..



Hooray! We're catching up!  
I can see smoke from the other train ..



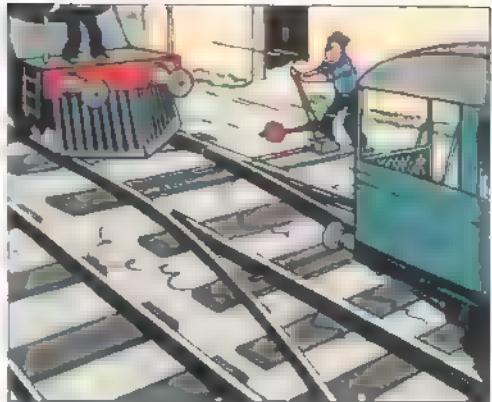
Hello?... Block one-five two?... There's a loco running crazy on the track... Yes. She mustn't overtake the Flyer. Switch her on to number seven.



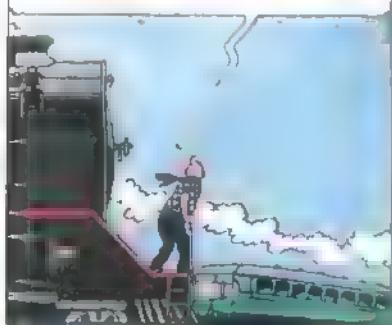
Right you are, boss! Count on MB!



Phew! Just in time! Here comes the Flyer... with the runaway train on her tail!



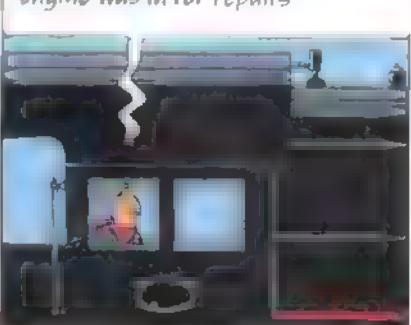
Drat! We've been switched to another track...



Quick, stop the engine, and back up. We'll soon be on the right track...



That's torn it! The brake lever's jammed. Now I understand. This engine was in for repairs!



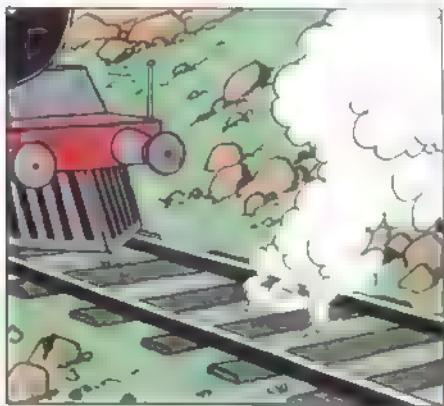
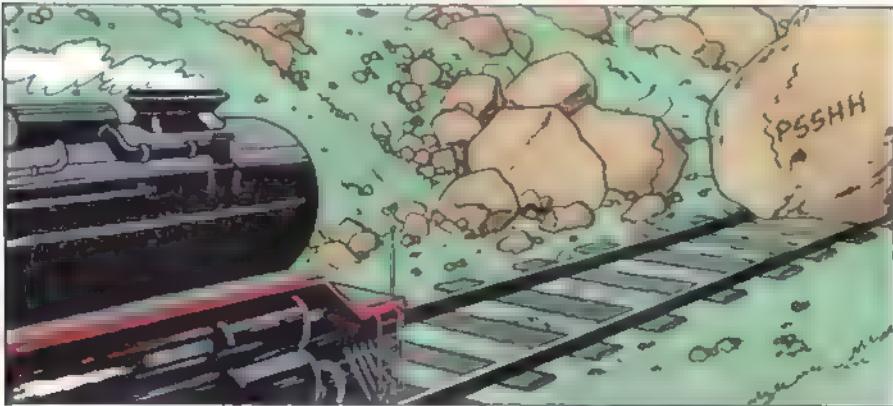
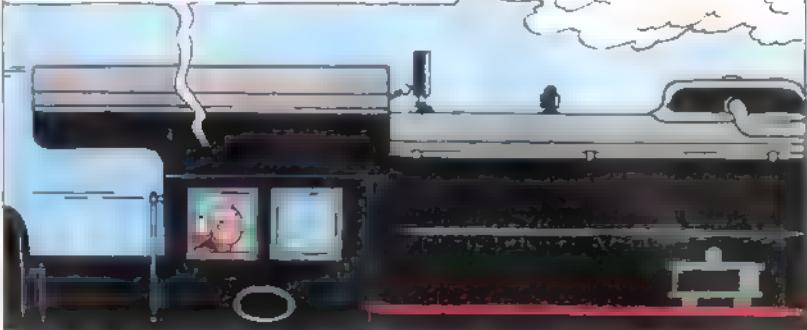
Only one way to clear this here track. Jem, and that's dynamite. We got plenty of time. Next train won't be coming through till tomorrow morning.



Slim! ... Train's a'comin'... Quick!  
Light the fuse or she'll smash  
into the rock



Help! We're done for! ... A huge  
boulder on the track!



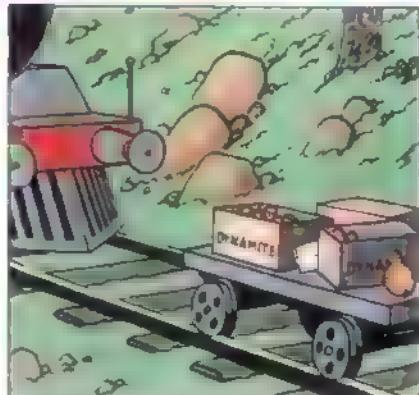
Boy, that sure was close!  
The dynamite went up in the  
nick of time! Two seconds  
later, and she'd have been  
blown to glory!



Leapin' lizards, Jim!... The  
trolley with our tools and the  
spare sticks of dynamite...  
It's there, half a mile down the  
track!... She's done for, she's  
a goner!



This is our lucky day, Snowy, and no  
mistake.



This is awful!... Awful!



What a disaster!  
What a disaster!  
Crew must be smashed  
to smithereens!



Say, Jem! This is the  
only piece left!  
Sure is grisly!



Jes' terrible!

Horrible!



HEY!



HEY! ?



Hey!



Where's my dog?

Your dog? Can't  
tell you, son.  
We ain't found  
nuttin'...

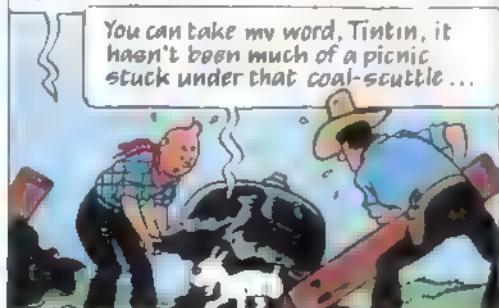
Pardon me, sir  
Can you direct  
me to my  
wagon?



We must look! Snowy  
can't have vanished...  
He simply can't...



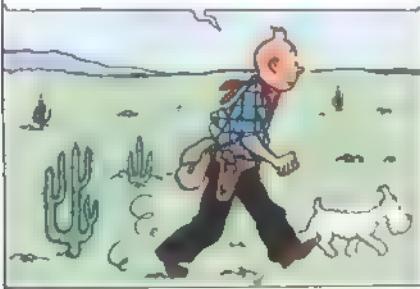
Snowy! At last! There you are, my old  
friend! This time I really thought you'd  
gone for good!



Hey, you plannin' on leavin'?...  
You can't light out jes' like that...



Now then, off we go. With the supplies those good fellows gave us, I'm not worried about facing the desert...



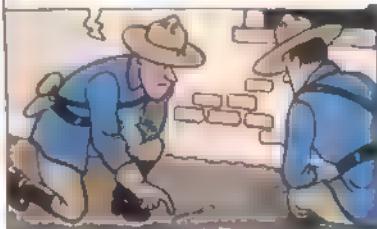
In a small town, some miles away.



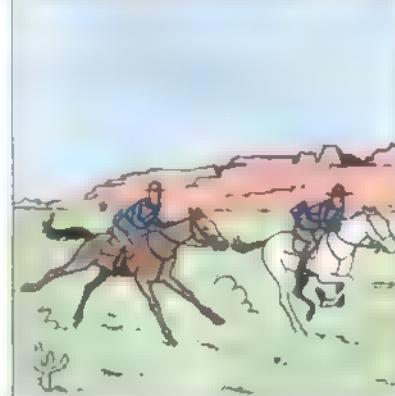
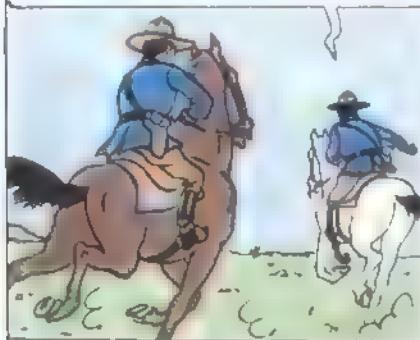
Yeah, that's all I know... When I came into the bank this morning, like I always do, there was the boss, and the safe wide open... I raised the alarm, and we hanged a few fellers right away... but the thief got clear...



After the robbery he got away through the window... Say, look at his footprints... a dead giveaway. See that: just one row of nails on the right boot...



With tracks like that, we'll soon catch him!



Madre de Dios! Thee footsteps, they geev me away pronto, pronto What to do?



!



Caramba! Un hombre... Ohol! Ees sleeping!.. Bueno, bueno!... Pedro, he theenk he has a vairey vairey good idea!



If he wake, if he move, I shoot heem...



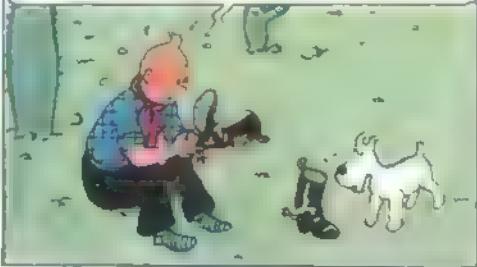
Ees done!... Now, Pedro not have to worry any more...



Aaaa!... Up we get! Siesta's finished. Come on Snowy: on our way...



Hello! What an extraordinary thing. These aren't my boots. They have nails, and spurs as well... How very peculiar... I can't understand it...



It's really quite extraordinary...



Look at those tracks... I'd say he was trying to disguise them... But he can't fool us... We'll soon catch up with him!



OK buddy .. You're under arrest!

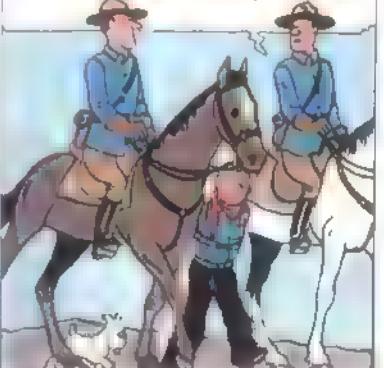


But why? I protest!

You protest, huh?... What about the Old West Bank?... And the manager?... And the... oot?



We'll be back in town by dark



They're back!... They're back! They got the bank-robber!

String him up!...



Nothing we can do, Fred... It's a lynch mob! ...





Here are yesterday's facts and figures from the City Bureau of Statistics: twenty-four banks have failed, twenty-four managers are in jail. Thirty-five babies have been kidnapped...

forty-four hoboes have been lynched. One hundred gallons of bootlegged whisky have been seized. the District Attorney and twenty-nine policemen are in hospital...

Hold on folks we have a news flash! We just heard the notorious bandit Pedro Ramirez has been arrested while trying to cross the State line. He confessed to yesterday's robbery at the Old West Bank.



I jes' gotta save him! ... No one's gonna say that the Sheriff .



Let 'em lynch an innocent Feller. 'Specially since I'm the only one who knows he ain't guilty. Aw, now, ONE MORE glass ... LAS' ONE...



Git movin', Sheriff. My, aint this whisky jes' delicious ..Now ...



Let's go ...to stop... this here hanging.



Mus'nt hang around... Mus'get there in time hic... to stop them hic... wronging the hangman... hanging the wrong man. Ain't that a joke? hung up...hic...he'll up! Heel! heel! That's a good one.



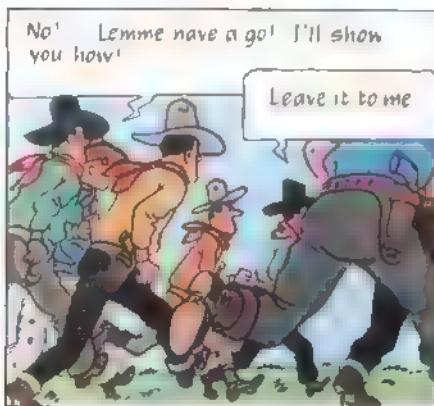
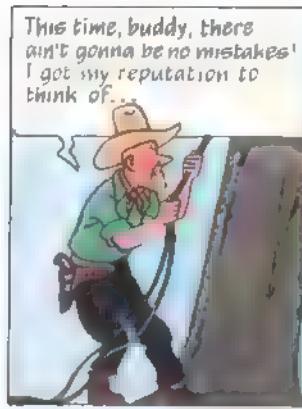
An' I say... hic... the guilty ish innocent... ish the...hic...the radio. No, ish the whisky... ish guilty!



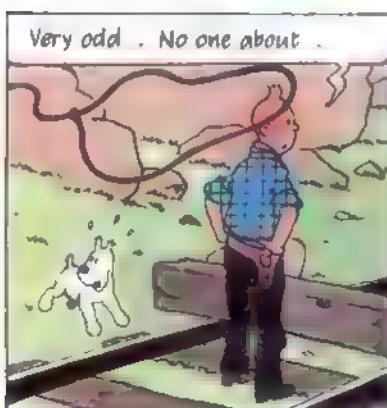
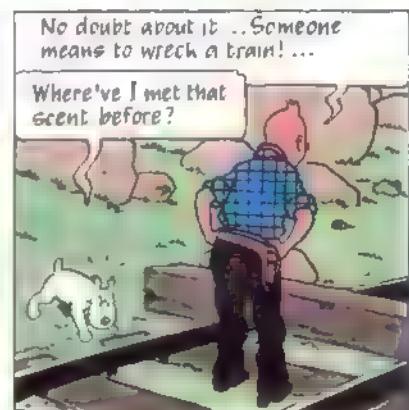
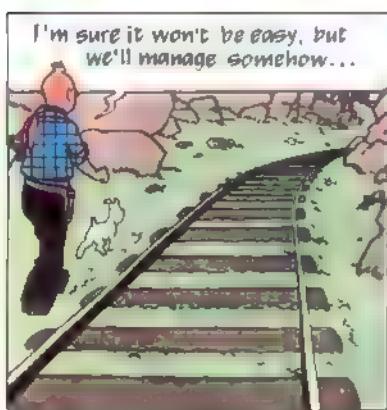
VOLSTEAD ACT  
WHOEVER SHALL BE FOUND IN A DRUNKEN STATE -- PRISON -- FINE -- CONFINED -- UTMOST SEVERITY -- SHERIFF

Right, are you ready?





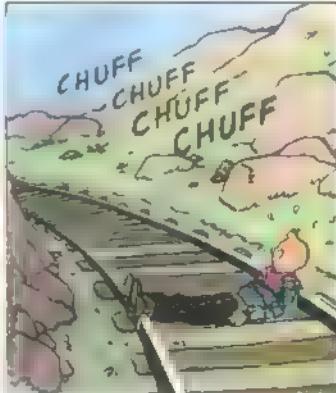
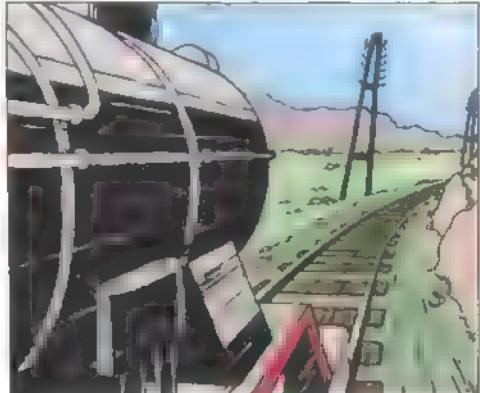
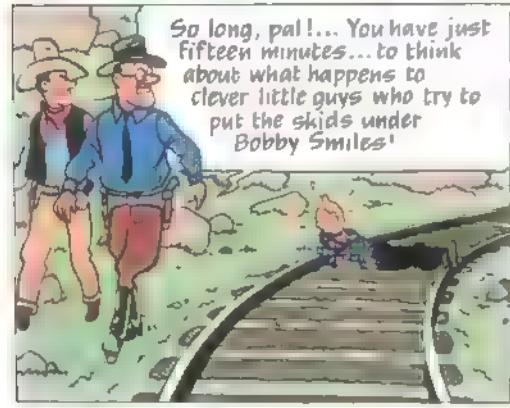
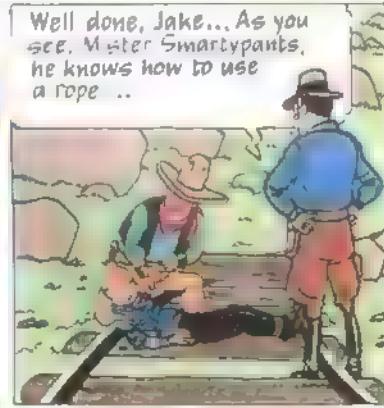


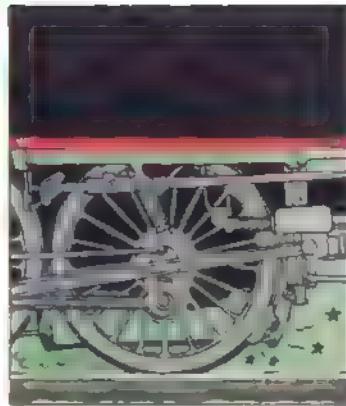


Well, well! I'm glad to have spared you a longer search... By the way, I was planning to wreck the Flyer... A cool half million bucks in the mail coach... But on second thoughts, I won't bother...

No, I won't bother. I'd rather let the train go on its way. Big of me, isn't it? But naturally, I'll see you tied securely on the track first...

!  
Snowy! Snowy! ...





Yes, it was me! ... It is a disgrace! ... I saw a puma attacking a deer As a member of the American Association of Animal Admirers I positively insist that you do something ... right now!

What?! Lady, you stopped the Flyer for that?! ... Fifty dollars. Fine!

TRRRIT

I'm sure I heard a whistle ... So I can't be dead.



And how! If you hadn't stopped ... I'd be playing a harp by now!

Next morning ...

Now, let's have a look at the news. They should surely have found his body by now.



## MIRACULOUS ESCAPE!

FAMED BOY REPORTER CHEATS GANGLAND KILLER

From our Railroad Correspondent



Our dear Bobby Smiles will have quite a surprise when sees me reappear!



Oho, we're coming to the mountains...



There's a cabin up there... Can that be it? . What a superb hideout: a real eagle's nest...



Aha! There he is! ... Still on my tail... Never mind, that suits me fine!



We don't often go climbing... Good practice for us, Snowy! ..



You know, Tintin, some people do this for fun!



Wait a minute... He's very nearly there... Now for the big laugh...



One...two...three!... Up she goes! ... And this, Tintin, is one story you won't write!



I had to blow up half the mountain, but, boy, it did the trick!



Tintin, my dear departed friend here's to you!



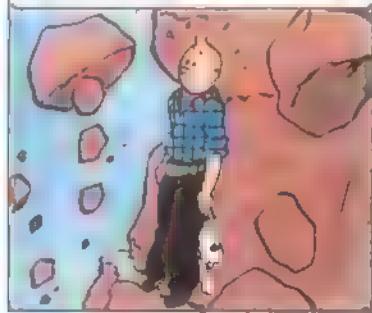
And to you too!



Back From the dead!



Back from the dead, indeed! If I hadn't been protected by an overhanging rock



... I'd be dead as a doornail!



Well better late than never!



Believe me it's far better to give in. As you see, I always get there in the end



Don't try any funny business!

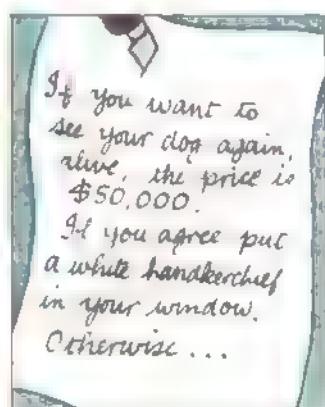
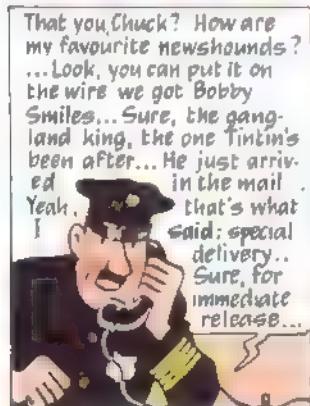
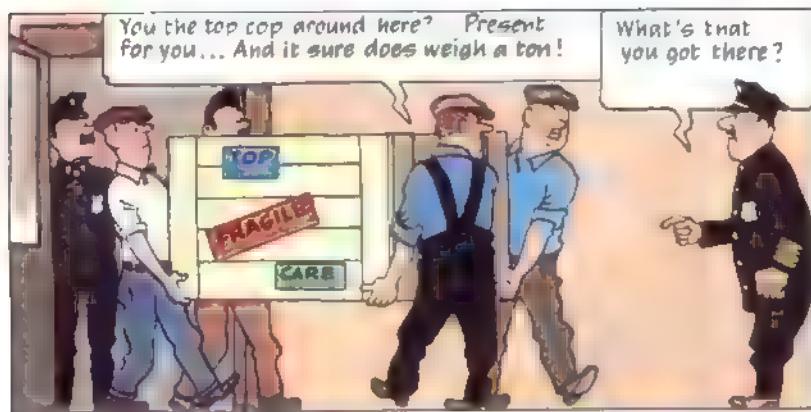
Three days later, in Chicago ...

Hello?... Yeah?... Chief of Police?... That's me!... Tintin?... Nope! Not a squeak!... Been gone a long while now... Trouble?... Sure is!... Nope!... Ain't heard a word!



Come in!





Hello hello! Reception... This is Tintin! ... My dogs been kidnapped ... Yes, Snowy! Don't let anyone leave the hotel... What? ... Your house detective? ... Good ...



What can I do? What can I do? If I refuse Snowy dies! But give in to threats? Never! ... So, what can I do? ... What? ... What?



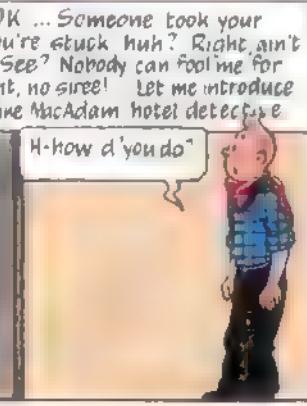
RAT  
TAT  
TAT  
TAT

Come in!

Right here's the picture. Your dog's asleep. Someone comes in. Chloro-forms the pooch. Puts him in a sack. The kidnapper is thirty-three years and six weeks old. Speaks English with an Eskimo accent. Smokes "Paper Dollar" cigarettes. Wears an undershirt and has matching garters... Easily identified by a tattoo-mark on his left shoulder-blade...

You're Tintin? ... OK ... Someone took your dog Ransom. You're stuck huh? Right, ain't I? Good. See? Nobody can fool me for one instant, no siree! Let me introduce myself: Mine MacAdam hotel detective

H-how d'you do?"



Mind if I begin detecting?



The kidnapper has a slight limp with the right foot; cut himself trimming a corn the day before yesterday. And one more detail: snores in his sleep... When I tell you, sir, his grandfather was scalped by the Sioux forty years ago, and he has a profound dislike for bird's nest soup. You know everything I've spotted from a quick look round.



I'll be back within the hour... with your dog, of course.



What powers of deduction! ... And what assurance! ... A real Sherlock Holmes! I really didn't think detectives like that existed, except in books!



An hour later...



Come in!



Hey presto! ... Your dog!



Monster! ... You! ... You stole my little Fritzly!



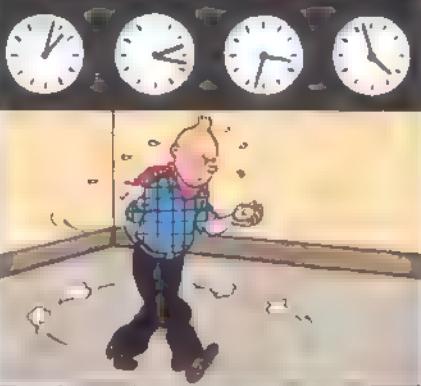
Ouch! The good lady certainly didn't spare the rod!



The good lady? .. What's all this about a good lady? The attacker, sir, hit me over the head with a Javanese club. It was a man, twenty-two years old with two back teeth missing. Wears rubber-soled shoes and is a regular reader of the "Saturday Evening Post"



Sure I'm sure! This time he won't escape me. You'll have your dog back within the hour!



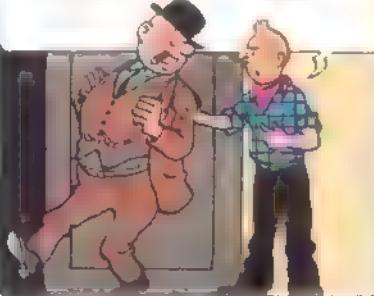
Solving this case, sir, is the best job I ever did. You lost a dog? One single dog?



Well, sir... I found you seventeen And every one a pedigree pooch!..



Well done. Thank you very much. But we've already spent enough time getting nowhere. I think I'll continue the case myself



Chicago Tribune! New York Herald! Daily News! ..



Aha! The white handkerchief in the window... He's gonna pay up!



Give me a Tribune, a Times, a Herald, a News and a Globe the lot!

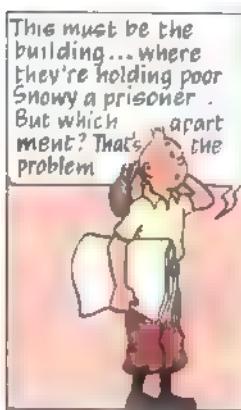


Still nothing in the papers. That's good means he hasn't called in the cops!



THE  
MOONSHINE  
CLUB  
SPEAKEASY  
BOOTLEGGER'S  
TO THE  
WHITE HOUSE.





All the same, I'm going to keep an eye on the building ...



He's nitting him! ... I must do something!



If I dash round the block I can lie in wait on the corner...



A stick! ... That's handy! Just what I need right now...



Steady... Cool, calm and collected - He's coming ...



Oops! .. Sorry!



Say, what's going on?... If I'm seen around here I'll be picked up for sure... Beat it, Bugsie boy!



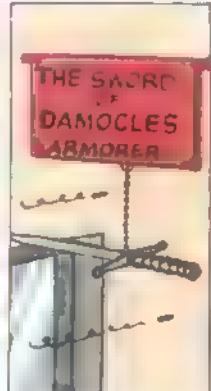
Crikey, what a bloomer! ... I'd better get out, and fast!... I'm in dead trouble if I'm caught!



BANG  
BANG



THE SWORD OF DAMOCLES ARMOREA



You there! Yes you,  
baby-face! Come with me!

Here he is sir!  
Little hoodlum!

Name and occupation?

???

Tintin,  
reporter...

You have to pardon me, Mr Tintin. For  
keeping you so long ..

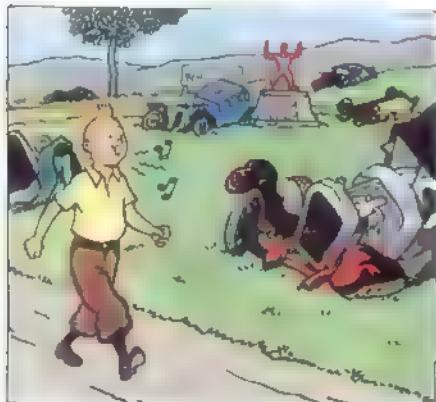
The trouble is, now I've lost track  
of the kidnapper. I'd better go back  
to the place I just saw him and try  
to pick up the trail.

This is where I hit  
that poor policeman  
by mistake... Let's  
see, I reckon this  
is the way he went



Excuse me, officer, but have you  
by any chance seen a man in a  
cloth cap, with a large parcel  
under his arm? Somewhere  
here, about an hour ago?

Yeah, I noticed the guy came  
past here. Then over there, on  
the corner, he got into a red  
sedan... seemed to be waiting  
for him. They took off in the  
direction of Silvermount



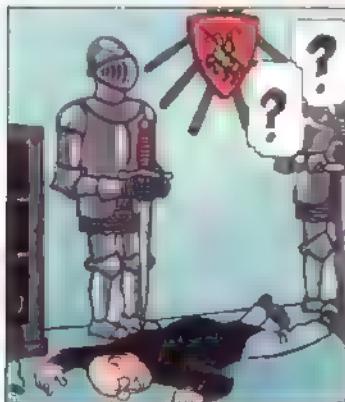
A red sedan? A red sedan just  
came out of those gates



So you got away scot free after your third job... That's great, great. Now, listen to this... I'm planning that we turn our little venture into a regular business operation. Everything legit. We'll advertise something like: "Need a snatch?" Call the experts KID-NAP INC. Speedy, discreet and our victims never talk... guaranteed. Town and country service."



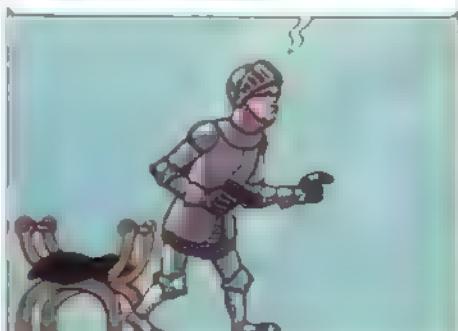
Excuse me while I fetch you the byelaws of our future corporation...

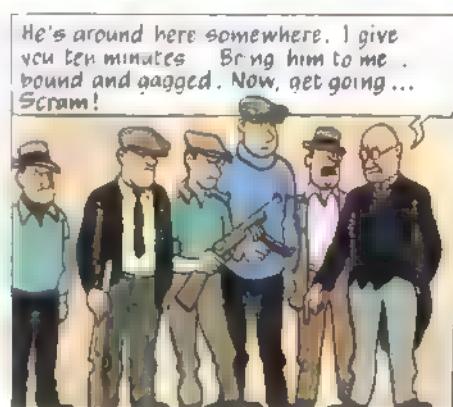
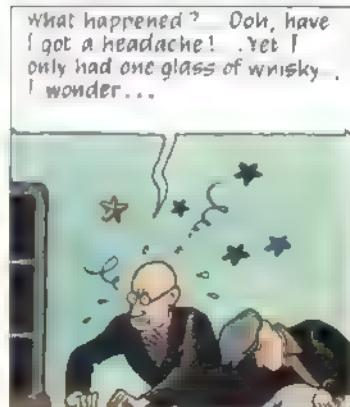


Good work!... Phew! I was beginning to cook inside here.



Now they're safely out of the way, I must look for Snowy...





At least a dozen of them after us. I can hear their footsteps already

I don't fancy being in their clutches again...

KEEP

DUNG

Take care you don't go through the wrong door, Tintin!

DUNGEONS

KEEP

He went this way... Look, he left the door open...



There! All gone in! Full house!



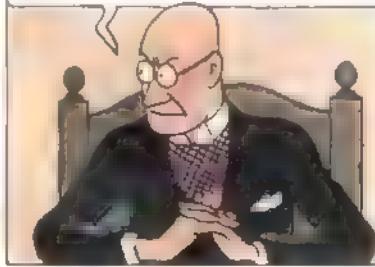
What about that, eh Snowy?... No one noticed the signs had been switched... So now we lock them all in the keep



Now that bunch are under lock and key, we must take care of the other three...



Half an hour! It's half an hour since they left, and not one single sound have I heard. It's positively creepy...



Hands up!



What the...?! Tintin!... But what's he done with my fifteen bodyguards? Still, I can't worry about them now. I must save myself!



Next morning...

...Number one reporter Tintin triumphs again with a gang of dangerous crooks handed over to the police... a kidnap syndicate busted by the young sleuth. The cops also netted an important haul of confidential files. Still at large is the gang's mastermind, now the object of intense police activity.



The object of intense police activity. Ha ha' ha! The "object" is going to show what he thinks of your activities... He's got another card up his sleeve! ... Hello?... Maurice?... Yes, it's me... You still with Grynde?



Next morning...

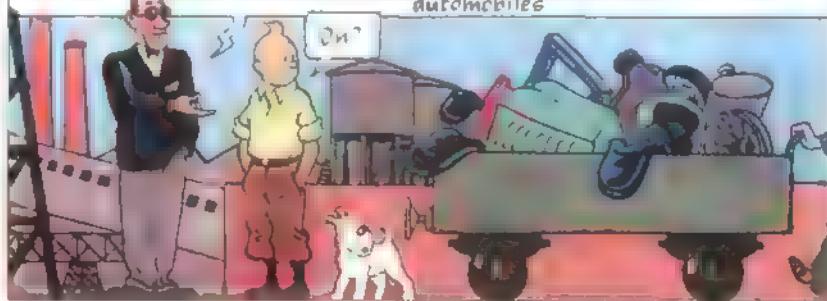
THE DIRECTORS OF  
**GRYNDE**  
HAVE PLEASURE IN INVITING  
MR. TINTIN  
TO VISIT  
THEIR NEW PLANT

Well, well! An invitation to see the Grynde cannery. That should be extremely interesting. I think I'll go...

Correction!  
We'll go,  
you mean.



An economy measure to beat the depression. We do a deal with the automobile plants. They send us scrap cans and we convert them into top grade corned-beef cans. We reciprocate by collecting old corned-beef cans and we ship them to the car producers for reprocessing into super-sport automobiles.



You see this huge machine? Here's how it works. The cattle go in here on a conveyor belt, nose to tail...



and come out the other end as corned-beef, or sausages, or cooking fat, or whatever. It's completely automatic...



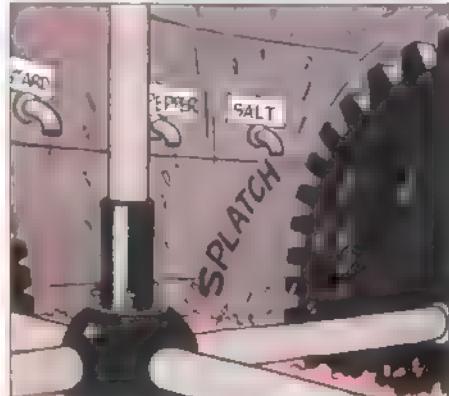
Now you keep right behind me and I'll show you how the processor works...



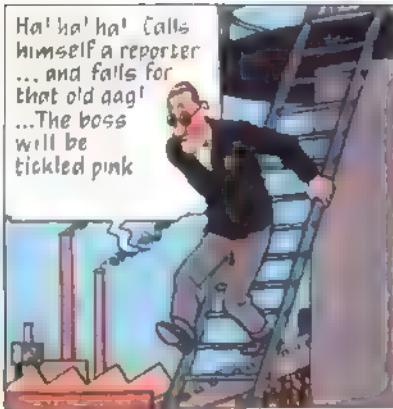
If you fell in there you'd be mashed in a trice by those enormous grinders... Look, down there, below you...



Ha' ha' ha' ha!



Ha! ha! ha! Calls himself a reporter ... and falls for that old gag! ...The boss will be tickled pink



Hello? Yes Ah, Maurice You fixed it? Good Excellent! What? Corned-beef? You're a genius! How much? Five thousand dollars? Of course, right away



Poor old Grynde! If he had the remotest idea! ... Some of the things that go into his products ...



What are you bunch doing, huh? You guys got no work to do? And who told you to stop the machines? What's going on around here?



What's going on? A strike buddy, that's what. The bosses cut the cash we get for bringing in the dogs and cats and rats they use to make salami... So no dice ... Get it?



Tintin?! ... Jeepers creepers! ... A strike! ... Surely it didn't start too soon? ... The boss? What'll he say?



Heavens, what an escape! We're all in one piece. If that machine hadn't stopped suddenly we'd be coming out of here in neat little cans!



I wonder how often they have that sort of accident!

Oh, my good girl! What a relief! There you are, safe and sound. I stopped the machine right away, but oh, how I suffered in those terrible minutes!



...believe me, dear Mr Tintin, I most bitterly regret this dreadful accident. You have, all too literally, had an ins.de view of our business



I was quite carried away...

It looks pretty phoney to me... The invitation, the over-friendly manager, and then that peculiar accident ...

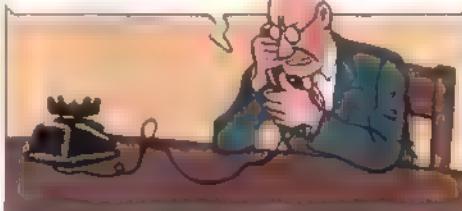


A nasty piece of work, our Mr Meatball!

Yes, it's me, boss. We're back to where we started... While I was calling you a strike blew up and they stopped the machines. I'm afraid so. Alive and kicking... But what could I do? ... I...



Bungling jackass! ... Cut the sob stuff. You don't let a chance like that slip! ... Sure! Sure! At least I'll know in future that I can't rely on you! ... That's all... As for the five thousand dollars... forget it!



But boss... Don't hang up, boss... I... Hello?... Hello?... Heck!... He's hung up on me!



Aha! Just as well I slipped back... You hear some interesting things around here!



I'm in the doghouse!



Hello? Yes? You again, Maurice? ... Now what do you want?... Oh?... Oho!... Good... That's very good! Well done. That's really great... I'll be there in five minutes... Be seeing you, Maurice!



Mr Maurice Dyle please.



Mr Dyle is expecting you, sir

Hello my dear Maurice.



What?... Are you joking?... You say you didn't call?... You aren't playing me for a sucker, by any chance?... Well... Are you?



Golly! What a racket in there  
Tintin's phone call did the trick!

OK! That'll teach you not to play games with me!



It's a mistake to leave your pistol lying about, my dear chap!



A mistake?... You think so?... Not really: that gun's empty



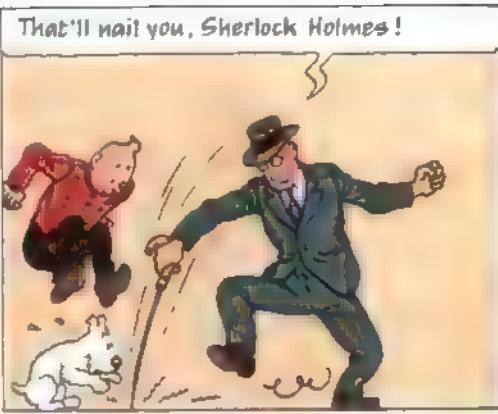
This is a far more effective weapon, my trusty sword-stick...



... and it's going to put a stop to your nasty habit of meddling in things that don't concern you... It's going to cure you... permanently!



CICK  
He's certainly got a point!



You can talk! It's my tail, and I think it's awful! It's ruined my looks completely!



Now the whole gang's safely in the bag we can take a well earned rest!



. our whole profession is on the verge of ruin. In a matter of weeks two of our most important executives, and many of their dedicated aides have paid with their freedom for the valour with which they attacked the enemy. Gentlemen, this cannot go on. Soon it will be as hazardous for us to stay in business as to live as honest citizens. On behalf of the Central Committee of the Distressed Gangsters Association I protest against this unfair discrimination! Forget your private feuds, stand shoulder to shoulder against this mischief-making reporter! Unite against the common enemy, and swear to take no rest until this wicked newshound is six feet under the ground!... I thank you!



Three cheers for the boss!

Bravo! Bravo!

You've said it!



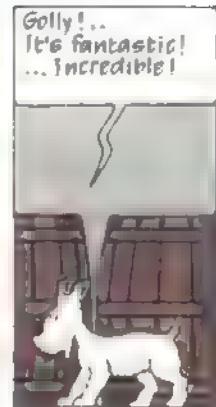
. and so I raise my glass to our young and shining hero, a newsmen as fearless as he is modest .. who, with quiet courage, in a matter of weeks, has struck terror into the heart of every gangster



You may be certain, ladies and gentlemen, that I shall take away unforgettable memories of my short stay in America. With a full heart I say to you ...







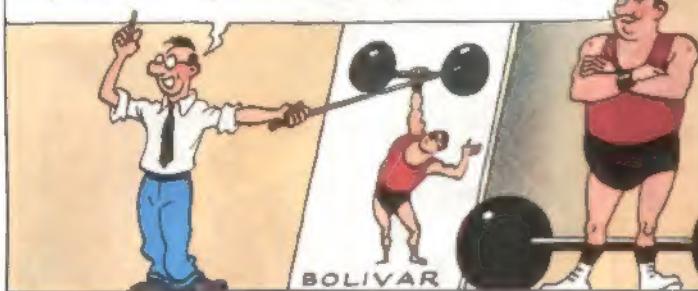
As for that mangy little mutt, he can go with you. Maybe he can give you a hand ...  
Ha! ha! ha!



And finish my report to our Association's members: I certify that in my presence Tintin the reporter was thrown into Lake Michigan with four hundred pounds weight on his feet ... OK... Roll off ten thousand copies!



Ladies and gentlemen! It is my privilege and pleasure to present the strongest man in the world... I give you the Great Bolivar!... Mr Billy Bolivar... Before your very eyes he will perform amazing feats of strength...



The single-handed snatch, the speciality of the Great Bolivar... Mr Billy Bolivar... The lift with a laugh!... Right, Mr Bolivar!



What sort of stunt is this, huh?

Please sir, it isn't my fault... I... I don't understand... Someone... someone switched my wooden weights!

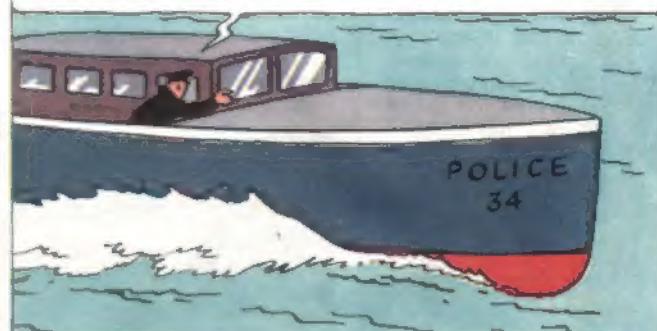


This make any sense to you, Tintin?

None at all! All I know is, we've managed to acquire floating dumb-bells!



Hard a'port, Dick!... Something floating on the water over there...



Jeepers!... Fantastic!... Just take a look at that... A feller hooked to a dumb-bell... and he's floating!



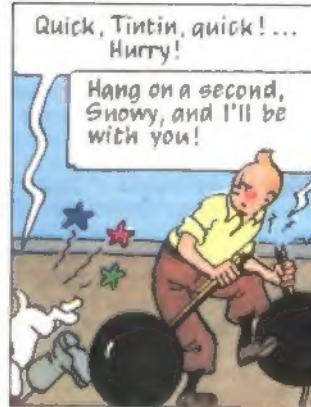
Now I get it... The dumb-bell's made of wood...



Quick, officer, we need reinforcements!... I was dumped in the water by gangsters. I know their hideout. We must arrest them right away!



Hey!... You!... I recognise you!...  
You're Tintin, ain't that so?...  
Well, bad luck, feller! I have to  
tell you this boat is just rigged  
up as a police patrol, and all  
of us, we belong to the mob  
who chucked you into the lake!



Watch out! There'll be more  
of them!...



Let them come!...  
I'm ready and  
waiting!



OK, pilot, what'll it be? A quick trip to  
the nearest police post with you at the  
helm, or a brief encounter with this?



???

...And don't try to pull a fast one. I'm  
watching you.

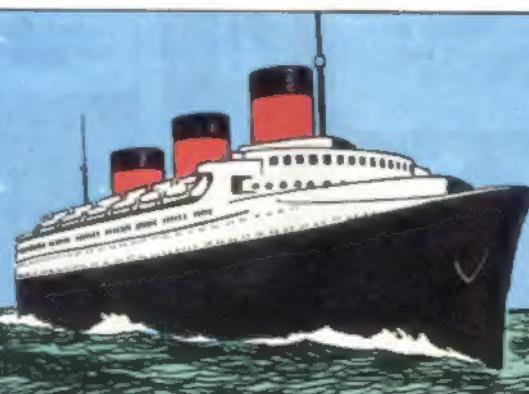
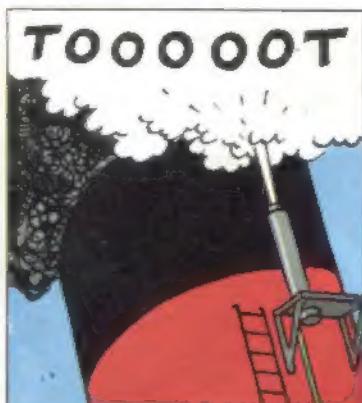
You must be Billy  
Bolivar!



Sensational developments in the Tintin story!...  
 The famous and friendly reporter reappears! Tintin, missing some days back from a banquet in his honour, led police to the hideout of the Central Syndicate of Chicago Gangsters. Apprehended were 355 suspects, and police collected hundreds of documents, expected to lead to many more arrests... This is a major clean-up for the city of Chicago... Mr Tintin admitted that the gangsters had been ruthless enemies, cruel and desperate men. More than once he nearly lost his life in the heat of his fight against crime... Today is his day of glory.  
 We know that every American will wish to show his gratitude, and honour Tintin the reporter and his faithful companion Snowy, heroes who put out of action the bosses of Chicago's underworld!



After a full round of celebrations, Tintin and Snowy embark for Europe ...



# THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

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